Thou haſt cald me all theſe bitter names,
Q. Mar, Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends by *Margret*.
Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.
Q. Mar. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrew'ſt thou Sugar on that botled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly webbe inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a Knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poyſoned bunch-backt Toade,
Haſt. Falſe boaſting woman, end thy franticke curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience. (mine.
Q. Mar. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To ſerue me well, you ſhould doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects,
Obſerue me well and teach your ſelues that duty.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Q. Mar. Peace maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young Nobility could iudge,
what 'twere to looſe it, and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue mighty blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh them to pieces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marqueſſe.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high.
Our Aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Q. Mar. And turnes the Sunne to ſhade, alas, alas.
Witneſſe my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out ſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your Aiery buildeth in our Aieries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Vrge neyther charity nor ſhame to me,

Vncha-

Vncharitably with me haue
And ſhamefully by you my
My charity is outrage, life
And in my ſhame ſhall liue
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O princely *Buck*
In ſigne of league and amit
Now faire befall thee and th
Thy garments are not ſpotte
Nor thou within the compa
Buck. Nor none heere, for
The lips of them that breat
Q. Mar. Ile not beleeue
And there awake Gods ge
O *Buckingham*, beware of
Looke when he fawnes he
His venome tooth will rank
Haue not to doe with him,
Sinne, death, and hell, hath
And all their miniſters atte
Glo. What doth ſhee ſay
Buck. Nothing that I reſp
Q. Mar. What doſt tho
And ſooth the diuell that
O but remember this anoth
When he ſhall ſplit thy ve
And ſay, poore *Margret* wa
Liue each of you, the ſubie
And he to you, and all of
Haſt. My haire doth ſta
Riu. And ſo doth mine,
Glo. I cannot blame her,
Shee hath had too much
My part thereof that I hau
Haſt. I neuer did her a
Glo. But you haue all
I was too hotte to doe ſo
That is too cold in thinkin
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee

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